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Flight Test

PAUL A. STENZ

The poetry of the sky has been achieved by Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Here is some of the hard prose reality of the world of flying, some experienced by a fledgling pilot. Here are the telltale marks of youth—and all its glory, too.

Five consecutive dawns were witnessed by a group of student pilots who were too nervous to sleep with the anticipation of their flight test. Finally weather conditions could no longer stave off the fateful day and auto traffic to the Indianapolis Airport seemed to stand aside and let us rapidly approach our destination. The sight of the 600-acre field was in itself, alarming. We had never flown from any field larger than Rensselaer's own 60-acre airport. It was evident that the size of this new field was not to be our only headache. Transport, army and civilian planes were landing and taking-off in such rapid succession as to make me wonder whether or not I would fit in between. The possibility of making spot landings on such a gigantic field seemed rather low.

I had often checked the plane as a routine duty, soon finished, but on this particular day it could not be given too much attention. Even if I couldn't muster up enough courage to be sure of myself I wanted to be sure of the plane I was in. After cleaning the windows, checking gas and oil and inspecting controls at least three times, I was finally summoned to the hangar for instructions.

We have often seen men that registered as stern, hard-nosed, army men. Evidently I hadn't met my quota of such characters for this particular morning brought me face to face with an inspector who, at that time, impressed me as being a Boris Karlof, Edward G. Robinson, and Charles Laughton all in one. He was to check me on flying ability and in him was vested the power to O.K. a license. After spending all of a half-minute telling me which maneuvers I was to perform while flying solo, he stormed upstairs to the glass-walled office from which he could view the entire field, and more important then—his attention would be focused on me. The news of flying solo was rather surprising. We had always heard that the inspector rode with us in our flight test and we didn't count on any solo work. When I spent thought on the matter it was easy to understand that no man would be anxious to spend four hours a day spinning about the sky. However, the realization that we were to do some flying alone did create a new sensation.

I had seen two of my mates, who were good pilots, wash out because of nervousness. After watching that the previous day I promised myself

I would not be rattled by any gruff acting inspector. I broke my promise. Walking out of the hangar a swinging door almost knocked me down. Accompanied by my old instructor and helped by him, I managed to get properly strapped into the plane. When he asked me if I knew what I was going to do I was calm for the first time that day and very matter-of-factly answered, "No." Our instructor, having been somewhat of a psychologist, knew it would avail him nothing to explain it all again so he wrote the instructions on a piece of paper. Still having a firm hold on himself he reminded me to taxi back to the hangar when I had completed the solo work so the inspector could take a ride and pass final judgment on me.

I taxied slowly to a spot from which I could take off and waited for an O.K. from the control tower. I was destined to wait there for a few minutes while an airliner came in and those few minutes gave me time to do some serious thinking.

We had been getting up at six-thirty, three mornings a week, all winter to go out to the airport and practice flying. A cold day on the ground is much more uncomfortable a thousand feet up, but that was no reason to stop flying. We had flown when the field was covered with snow, mud, or smooth grass. Much vacation time had been forfeited so that we might stay at school where we could be reached when flying was possible. All otherwise free afternoons were spent in the shanty at the airport waiting a chance to fly any length of time.

A competent instructor had taken great pains to instill in us a fair knowledge of flying. Many evening hours were spent in class rooms studying meteorology, navigation, and theory of flight. While waiting on the field I thought of all this and realized that, in consideration of the time my instructor and myself had spent, I just had to make good. The most sensible thing to do was to imagine being on our 60-acre airport practicing instead of performing a flight test on a field that covered 600 acres. Maybe it was the effort spent in stretching my imagination that made me break out in a cold sweat. I was wishing I could turn on a radio to some good loud music so that my nervousness and solitude would not be emphasized by the silence.

Nervous or not, I finally got the green light from the control tower and took off the best my nervous condition would allow. It felt fine to be in the air and I knew that no matter what any instructor or inspector thought, I was on my own. The temptation to thumb my nose towards the hangar was one which was hard to overcome. Before any maneuvers could be performed I had to gain altitude and again I had time to concentrate on the situation. I had already promised plane rides to friends so that was only one more reason that I had to pass. Finally I got to the desired height and headed in the proper direction, so I started to work. I felt shaky about everything I did. Upon the completion of each spin I was momentarily afraid to look and see if I had spun exactly two

times. My luck held out, and the stalls and spins were done satisfactorily. Now it was time for the spiral landing which must be started directly over a spot on the field that also serves as a landing mark. To my dismay I was a considerable distance from the airport, and after all the turning about noticed that I was in such a position that I could not be seen from the inspection tower. Knowing the inspector to be strict, I wondered whether he had run outside to keep track of me or if he had saved himself effort and washed me out. At any rate I went back and did a spiral to a spot and had difficulty doing justice to the spot. I glanced over to see whether or not I would be called back to the hangar. No one was outside so I went back and did the remaining maneuvers before I taxied to the hangar. I again went back to normal breathing and noticed that my jaw ached from being held so firmly. I felt that it was either all over or at least half over and was waiting for further developments while I whipped the perspiration from my brow before anyone saw that I was actually warm on a comparatively cool day.

The inspector, still looking the part of an iron man, came out to the plane with his chute. That chute was as good as an O.K. to me, for it made me aware of the fact that I was still in the running. I was not given much time to bolster my spirits before he climbed in and cussed me up one side and down the other for getting so far from the field. He made it known that my year in the army would teach me to do things when and where I was told to do them. After he was all strapped in he had me taxi out and take off. As we were climbing from the airport he had me execute climbing turns and, while all this climbing was being done, I had already begun to look for pylons around which I could do my figure eights. Pylons are not hard to find but I wanted some near a few flat fields so that I could land when he threw out the dreaded forced landings. I had luck in finding pylons near a huge, flat, treeless field and began doing figure eights. I did not have to wait long before he cut the throttle back and asked where I was going to land. I felt quite clever for myself and told him of the big field I intended to use. He agreed that the field was big and informed me that I was to 'slip' in and barely come over the fence. I was not to use the entire field I had been so happy about finding. It took a severe slip to put us on the close end of the field but again I somehow managed to produce and we were in.

We climbed back to 1000 feet, and I then had to execute every imaginable type of turn. With the turns came another forced landing, all of which was done with a small degree of confidence. After all of this he finally pointed towards the field. Except for the times that the inspector cut the throttle and asked me where I was going to land I might just as well have been alone. If I did any of the maneuvers satisfactorily he made no sign to let me know that he approved. Since he was directly ahead of me, I could notice that I was graded on every move I made.

The last landing of the test was to be made way down on one end of

the field, using as little of the field as possible. For once that day I did precision work that I was satisfied with and cleared the fence by about one foot. Evidently the inspector did not go for such complete precision, because again his brilliant vocabulary was directed towards me. We taxied up to the hangar and I cut the switch. By this time, I was so nervous I could hardly sit still, and the inspector still had given me no indication as to whether or not I had passed.

He asked me my name and then marched back to his office with no further conversation. He didn't say that I had passed—nor did he say that I had flunked. I felt sorry for myself and about that time wished that I had worked harder when I was sent up to practice before the test. My old instructor and some of the boys came walking up to the plane with big smiles from ear to ear. The fact that they could smile at such a time made me hate them all. When they got to the plane with all their big smiles they seemed surprised to find me in such low spirits. They asked if a private pilot's license wasn't good enough for me. Finally it dawned that the inspector wasn't the kind of a man to hand me an O.K. on a silver platter—but he sure was a fine gent in my estimation—I had passed!

Whose Name Is Victory

G. RICHARD SCHREIBER

Only those who have felt the fray of a worn cuff, only those who have scented perfume above tanbark, only those who have caught a Chopin-strain above the thumping of steins can appreciate this glimpse of a dive. Here is the beauty of touched strings, the pathos of touched hearts.

Night along the Main Street was hushed and sultry. There was not a breeze stirring, nor had there been one all day long. But the stars overhead did much to make the evening seem cool. For the most part the street was deserted save where cars lined up in front of a myriad-gleaming marquee or where some happy couple strolled arm in arm for an evening promenade. The street was quiet, too. There is always a strange sort of quietness about a city street on a sultry, summer's evening.

Night, in the Corner Cafe, was quite different from night, along the street. There was the usual Sunday evening crowd to enjoy a few beers and shout gaily across to some neighbor they had not seen since the night before. The Corner Cafe was almost an institution along the street. It had been there for years, and it looked now as it had many years ago.

Suddenly the smoke-filled air was full of the light sound of skillful fingers on a piano keyboard, and the talking was just a little hushed as some of the newer customers bent forward in their chairs to catch the tune Paul was playing. Paul who? Why worry about the last name — Paul was all the regular customers ever called him. One night there had been only the sound of clinking glasses and talk; and the next night — long ago — Paul had come with his nervous fingers.

He was rather a strange looking individual — there on the swivel stool before the battered upright, his long unkept hair looking almost out of place. In his eyes there was a faraway hope that was strange, too, where all else was laughter and gaiety. But in his fingers was a kind of universal note that touched and soothed and caressed.

"Listen," Mike said. Mike was the manager of the Corner Cafe. "Listen to Paul. He never played so beautifully. 'Mexicali Rose' — isn't it?"

The customer to whom Mike addressed the words nodded and stood with the manager looking across the room to where the slight figure sat before the piano.

"It's his last night at the Corner Cafe," Mike was saying.

"Paul's last night?"

"Yes, he has an offer from a radio station up town. The manager was down here and heard him play. The other day a contract came."

"And Paul is going to sign it?" the customer asked.

"He told me so this evening," Mike said. "You can't blame him, though. It means money, and, later on, security. That's one thing I can't very well afford to offer him. We'll miss him, though. We'll miss him."

"All of us will," the customer said. And he drank no more of the beer that was in his glass, but stood and listened until the last haunting strains of Mexicali Rose died away. There was a moist tear in his eye. Or was it sweat from the sultry night?

"Well, Paul, the evening's almost over. And your stay here, that's almost over." Mike had walked over behind the stool where Paul sat. He took a fresh glass of beer and sat it on the ledge beside the ragged stack of sheet music.

Paul didn't say anything. If the truth were known he probably wasn't capable of saying anything. A man doesn't leave a place where he has come broken and ill and been taken in, without feeling some sort of nostalgia at leaving. Instead his long fingers caressed the keyboard and said for him in their melancholy notes what he could not say with his lips.

Mike went back to his place behind the bar. Customers came and went with the same old regularity. There were men and women who came to the Corner Cafe every night. There were men and women who had never been there before. All of them were quite unconscious of the drama that was unfolding.

At a small table near the piano sat a young woman. Her elbows were on the red checked table cloth. Her chin rested in the palms of her hands. She was looking at Paul, but from the way she looked you knew she would never see him. There was that kind of look in her eye.

She had come in almost twenty minutes before. Mike had gone up to her himself because she had looked so alone and helpless and out of place. She had ordered a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich, both still lay untouched on the table.

For the whole of twenty minutes she had sat there listening to the liquid music that flowed from the upright as it responded to Paul's skillful touch. Now, as she sat and listened, there was no doubt that she had tears in her eyes. She wasn't crying, understand; but her eyes were full as though she might have cried at any moment.

Paul had seen her when she came. He saw everyone and watched them because he liked to play what they wanted to hear. Now he suddenly saw the young girl and saw that she had tears in her eyes. There could have been tears in his eyes, too, except that he put his crying into his music.

People always had a strange effect on Paul. Mike would tell about the time a little, bewildered-looking man had taken a table near the

piano. He had been drinking and was lost, but Paul's music bolstered him. Later, because the man could afford it, a check came through the mail. But Paul had only sent it back marked "Address Unknown."

Ten-thirty came and it was time for Paul's usual intermission. But tonight — maybe it was because it was his last night, or because the girl looked, and was afraid, when he stopped playing — Paul sat at the piano and played on.

When he stopped at the end of a piece, people never clapped. Applause was a thing unknown in the Cafe. Applauding for Paul's music would have been somewhat akin to clapping at the final curtain of the Passion Play. Such things just aren't done.

Paul played a selection of less melancholy tone than Mexicali Rose. Then he played an even faster number; one that seemed to tingle in your ears and in your toes. As he played he watched the girl who sat at the table close by.

At first she still seemed to look straight ahead and her eyes were unseeing. Then gradually she turned her head ever so little to get a better view of the piano. As Paul played a Gypsy Rondo, she raised her head from her hands and Paul smiled a little inward smile to himself. He liked to see that the people who heard him were satisfied.

By and by time came for the eleven-thirty intermission. The girl still sat at her table. But the coffee and sandwich that had been there before, were gone. And, if there were tears in her eyes when she came hurrying toward Paul, as he made his exit, they were tears of gratitude and happiness.

"I . . . I," she stammered. "I can't begin to tell you how much your playing has meant to me tonight. I feel happy and relieved all over, and good; but when I came here I . . ."

"I know," Paul said. He was always embarrassed by compliments.

"This night has meant more to me than any night I can remember. It has meant knowing what life is all about again. It has meant being lost and suddenly finding the way clear and broad before you."

"I'm glad," Paul said. Then he was gone hurriedly through the door to the back room.

It was subtly still in the back room of the Corner Cafe. Through the closed door, and the small window came the sounds of glasses and of talking and of laughter. But it all seemed so far away.

As he sat down in the chair for a moment's rest, Paul felt in his coat pocket. His hand came out with a long, white folded piece of paper. Paul didn't unfold the paper. He just sat there awhile looking at it. Then slowly he began to tear it up into small pieces, so small that they could scarcely have been used for a jig saw puzzle.

Fifteen minutes passed quickly and Paul returned to the piano. There wasn't much longer to go now. Only till one. Or it might be earlier if all the customers went home, for Mike was good that way.

The Cafe manager came over to the piano and leaned against it.

"Paul," he said, "do me a favor. Play 'My Old Kentucky Home' for me just once. Will you, Paul?"

"Sure I will, Mike," Paul said. "And if you want me to, I'll play it for you every night at this time."

"You mean you would come all the way down here just to play that song for me every night?" Mike asked.

"I mean I'll stay here, Mike, and play it for you every night — and every morning and afternoon, too, for that matter. I'm not going to leave you, Mike."

"You're not going to . . ."

"I'm not leaving, Mike," Paul said. And his hands slid over the ivory and black keys in the melody of Old Kentucky Home.

"You see, Mike," he said. "I saw a woman crying tonight. She was sitting at that table. I saw her crying and feeling alone and scared. Then I played some more and I saw her eyes light up and I heard her say that she wasn't afraid or unhappy any more. You can't do that everywhere, Mike."

"No, Paul," Mike said. He was quite incapable of any more than monosyllables.

"I don't know what you would call it," Paul said. "I probably never will know what you would call it, but I know that I saw a woman cry, and then I saw her smile. You can't do that everywhere."

The room was full of smoke and the sound of some one calling gaily across the tables to a neighbor he hadn't seen since the night before. Then the room was full of the light sound of skillful fingers on a piano keyboard, and the talking was just a little hushed.

The Electric Eye

STEVEN D. THEODOSIS

Gadgets are always interesting whether they are on the kitchen-wall, the basement-furnace, or milady's boudoir. When one joins to this simple thought the idea of American efficiency, all the world of industry and invention unfolds before one. Here is a device which has amazed the populace for years.

The electric eye, is merely an instrument which resembles an ordinary light bulb. Its whole function is in utilizing a beam of light to produce electrical energy, which in turn is harnessed by man and put to work. Now! What is this utilization? How is it brought about? In order to understand its essence as fully as possible, let us go back to its beginning and review its birth.

In 1887, young Heinrich Hertz, while working his experiments on wireless waves, noticed something odd, which anyone but a scientist might have disregarded as an irritating interruption. He was watching a device in which a piece of burning magnesium wire and a piece of zinc played a part. There were two electrically charged metallic conductors, separated by a short air gap, and Hertz was jumping electric sparks across the gap. What he observed, was a tiny additional discharge of energy which all his experience told him had no business there. Edison had noticed much the same thing a few years previous.

In searching for the cause of this small increase in the current that jumped across the gap, Hertz finally ruled out everything else but the ultra-violet light which came from the burning magnesium wire. He concluded that the light had knocked the little stream of energy out of the zinc. It doesn't matter that Hertz used zinc, or that the light was ultra-violet light, which came from the burning magnesium wire. He *upon metals it makes them spit out electrons.*

At the time Hertz didn't know that this stream of energy was caused by electrons — for no one had ever heard of an electron. What they thought happened was that the final indivisible unit of matter, the atom, like a marble, so to speak, had been demolished. Later, however, the daring physicist, Sir J. J. Thomson, demonstrated that the atom was a kind of little solar system; that it has an electrically positive nucleus, and that around this nucleus swims a school of negatively charged electrons, fantastic midgets of matter, no larger than a billionth of a pinpoint, which travel at a speed of 160,000 miles a second. With the aid of this phenomena, it was then seen that Hertz's light falling on the piece of

zinc had knocked out a procession of electrons from their orbits. They had to go somewhere, and since they were negatively charged, they were attracted by the positive conductor. They leaped across the gap, closing the circuit and set up the little stream of energy which he observed.

Now, knowing the cause of the effect of light upon electricity, scientists applied its principles to the first "electric eye" or photoelectric cell. It gave rise to the so-called photo-emissive tube, which consists of two elements in an exhausted container in which there may, or may not, be an inert gas at a low temperature. One of the elements serves as a cathode, or negative pole, and the other as an anode or positive pole. The cathode material may be one of several compounds, usually of the alkali metals, lithium, sodium, potassium, rubidium and caesium. These compounds are coated on any one of several metals, silver for example or on the walls of the glass container. The anode may be of any metal or shape or size, so long as it does not shut off the light. Then a potential of 15 to 20 volts on the anode is sufficient to attract all electrons that are emitted by the cathode, due to the action of light upon it, hence producing a minute current. *The current varies with the amount of light and the strength of it, and upon this current rest the multiple uses of the electric eye.*

As has been seen by now, the electric eye is far from being what it is called. The photocell seldom sees as the eyes see—that is, it has different spectral response and of course differs in other ways. However, the term electric eye is used, since it of all terms makes the scientist and non-scientist alike think of light-sensitive tubes.

In the latter part of the nineteenth century, scientists had penetrated the dark wilderness of the atom and returned with this marvelous tool. But for thirty years they couldn't put it to work. Its strength was only one ten billionth of what it takes to run an ordinary household light bulb. Now to find a method by which this anaemic current could be multiplied a few million times until it was strong enough to perform a useful function. The answer was found in another device which derived from Hertz's pioneer work—the vacuum tube. Early in the century, Lee De Frost had developed this tube so that it would amplify an electric current. Now a wedding was negotiated between the photoelectric cell and the amplifying vacuum tube. The result was the first commercial application of the photoelectric cell.

Thus converted into a practical device, the eye took its first public bow in June, 1924, when news photographs taken at the Republican Convention in Cleveland were sent over the wire to New York. The picture to be transmitted was wrapped around a cylinder, which revolved in a lightproof metal case. A carriage bearing the electric eye and a thin pencil of light slowly travelled over the cylinder, like a needle of an old-fashioned phonograph record. The eye scanned the narrow, illuminated band of the photograph, and its sensitive electronic current varied in strength with the lights and shades of the picture. In the receiving

machine, a reverse process acted upon a photographic film, causing exposure coinciding with the variation in current, and building up, line by line, a reproduction of the original picture. By a device similar to the telephoto, the eye opened up the wide field of television.

Once the first practical eye was developed, laboratory men and manufacturers were quick to perceive the many uses to which it could be adapted. Here was a gadget which enabled a beam of light to move a mechanism in a split second, which would take variations of light and transform them faithfully and instantaneously into corresponding variation of energy, and which was infinitely faster and more accurate in performing its tasks than the human eye, not to mention the hand.

Attach it to a recording machine and it will count people, vehicles, machines and myriads of other objects. It will open doors, and it has been installed to watch over sleep walkers and mental patients. A light beam is broken if the patient leaves his bed, and an alarm is sounded in the room of a nurse or a member of the family. By a much similar process, it has played the sensational role of policeman, and as a new man on the force has caught quite a few burglars.

Only a few years ago the electric eye was unknown in American industry. Today in assembly lines and continuous-process plants of every description the electric eye is inspecting products, preventing waste and saving labor. In sheet plants it orders big shears to do their work. Installed in the maw of a giant stamping machine, the eye protects the operator. If his hand blocks the little pencil of light the jaws are suspended agape until it is safely withdrawn.

No human being or mechanical contrivance can count as fast as the eye, and this proficiency has led to many uses. Consider for instance, a forty-inch width of finished cloth several miles long which is zipping along between rollers. Sometimes in the best regulated of plants one side starts creeping up on the other. If the 'skew' is not corrected immediately, ruined or inferior material results. Put an electric eye over each edge of the cloth, with a light source beneath, and it will count the crosswise threads as they speed by, even if they go as fast as 10,000 threads a second. If the totals of the two counts begin to vary, the eye signals a mechanism which straightens the cloth instantly. Several mills have installed this device.

Installed in a factory chimney, the eye measures the density of the smoke and reports it to the engine room, where the information is useful in regulating the fuel supply. As a smoke detector in warehouses it prevents fire losses.

Put the eye in front of the vehicle door of a public garage, where pedestrians sometimes break the light accidentally, and the door will open for automobiles but not for people. For this job there are two beams several feet apart, and both must be intercepted or the eye will not respond. If a car emerges from the garage and breaks the beams

in the reverse direction, the eye doesn't open the door again behind it—it knows the difference.

A practical photo-electric device has been patented which will automatically dim the lights of approaching cars, hence preventing the nightly battle of headlights which blinds drivers and causes accidents. Should a teacher fail to notice that the sky is overcast and that children's noses are boring into their arithmetic books, the vigilant eye, in its little metal box on the wall, turns on the schoolroom lights when daylight fails and turns them off when they are no longer needed. On the same principle it turns on airport light.

When storms blot out the sun, millions of householders turn on their lights, and utility companies must be prepared for the added load. Here, too, the electric eye comes in handy. Mounted on the roof, it surveys the sky, and warns the plant engineers well in advance of the rush.

Introduced at a time when labor-saving devices are multiplying rapidly the electric eye is one of the most impressive of the lot. It has been taught to simulate seeing, hearing, talking, feeling, smelling. It steers ships, catches burglars, sorts fruits, detects smoke, counts pills, and matches colors instantaneously and infallibly. In factories it inspects finished products, rejecting faulty goods—with an accuracy of measurement of a hundred-thousandth of an inch. The eye doesn't collect wages, and it is stated that in sorting operations alone, the eye could replace several millions of workers, a possibility whose social and economic implications cannot be ignored.

The future of photo-electric devices apparently depends only on man's imagination. For instance, there is a hydroelectric substation in the Southwest over which the electric eye has complete charge. A specially made graph shows the varying load of electricity normally needed throughout the day. Following this graph, the electric eye methodically releases the amount of water needed to generate current from hour to hour. And a machine has been reported which will scan a drawing photo-electrically, translate its lines into the movements of cutting tools, and eject the finished part.

We can be sure that robots of similar significance are on the way. Led forth from the atomic cave of mysteries and harness to human affairs, the photo-electric cell, alias "electric eye," will open doors now undreamed of.

Shadows Over Spain

JOSEPH M. PAX

There is much questioning about the soul of the Spaniard, about his fierceness, his Oriental darkness, and his liveliness, but he must be as basically human as you or I. So here in this simple tale of the tragic days of war, this sophomore of the Seminary department has captured something of the heart that is Spain and of the heart of man.

The rays of a blistering afternoon sun cast lengthening shadows across the cathedral square. The whole scene was one of utter desolation and loneliness, surrounded by toppling buildings which were separated here and there by heaps of debris. The awful quiet of the scene was regularly punctuated by the periodic crescendo and decrescendo of airplanes passing overhead. Pedestrians were few but in their faces was depicted all the despair and hardship of life in a city oppressed by a modern war machine.

The beautiful Gothic cathedral, monument to the soaring faith of ages long passed, stood in the very midst of the desolate scene. By some remarkable coincidence the venerable old structure had survived the onslaughts of the communistic revolutionary army. Its wide open facade seemed to smile upon the scene, extending a generous welcome to its afflicted children.

To a casual observer the scene presented nothing else worthy of note. A more than usually observant spectator, however, would immediately discern the figure of a feeble old woman slowly wending her way toward the entrance of the majestic cathedral. Old Isabella Armando was one of those faithful souls to be found in any community—one whom trials and hardships as she had experienced served only to strengthen in faith and piety.

Senora Armando was not happy; but she did find some degree of consolation in her religion. Almost every afternoon she was to be seen entering the church where she often spent hours sometimes far into the night.

Recollections of a carefree youth and a happy marriage served only to emphasize her present distress. When her Alfonso had died, she still had her dear son, Pedro. Dear Pedro! He was growing up when his father died and he had to work hard to support his aging mother. But now she did not have even him. She had never been able to understand how it had come about that she and Pedro had fallen apart. When he had begun to leave home regularly every evening, much against her will, she knew that something was wrong. But he was incorrigible. He always

evaded the point by saying that he had important business meetings to attend. What sort of business it was Isabella was unable to discover.

One painful scene in particular, stood out in the mind of Isabella most vividly. One night, when Pedro had not returned at his usual hour, she had lain awake all night unable to sleep for the very thought of what may have happened to him.

Suddenly a loud knocking on the door and the sound of a shrieking voice outside brought her to her feet. Was that Pedro's voice? It was very similar to his, and yet so unlike it.

"Le'me in, Le'me in. What d'ya think this is?" screeched the mysterious voice.

Trembling she had gone to unlock the door. There stood Pedro, haggard, glassy-eyed, evidently suffering from the effects of alcohol.

"It's about time you come," he bellowed, and with these words stepped rather uncertainly across the threshold.

"What d'ya mean, locking me out on a cold night like this?"

"If you were at home where you belong you wouldn't be locked out." There was anger mingled with fear in her words as she spoke.

"I've got more important business. More important business." He fairly gloated over the words as he spoke.

"What business? Your business is at home this time of the night." Senora Armando was indignant.

"What the hell is it to you", shrieked Pedro, "Why should I tell you? I'll be of age soon. Then I'll show you who's boss." His voice died away giving way to an ungodly laugh, which seemed to mock at Isabella and her admonition.

At this, bursting into tears she fled from the scene, and Pedro, attempting to follow, stumbled and fell headlong to the floor. Not turning around, she retired and spent the rest of the night in tears.

The next morning, Pedro came down from his room and left immediately. From that date he was very little at home and relations between him and his mother were strained and coldly formal; the night was never mentioned, but Senora Isabella retained a vivid image of that dreadful episode.

Not long after this civil war broke out in the country, and Pedro was called into service as a "Loyalist" soldier. What this implied, Isabella did not at the time fully understand, but events since then had convinced her that her son was helping fight a war against God and religion. She had never heard of him or from him since the beginning of the war three years previous.

However, she had never entirely given up hope for her "lost sheep." Oh, if she could only know whether he were still among the living. And if she could only bring him back to the fold. Nothing could be worse

than this dreadful uncertainty. A less intrepid person would long ago have despaired. She, on the contrary, found her consolation in prayer and somehow as she knelt praying she felt that her prayer would not go unanswered and things would again be righted.

II

The shadows cast by the setting sun became longer and more grotesque. An even greater gloom settled upon the cathedral and its surroundings as the rays of the western sun, just peeping over the ruins, cast weird shadows on the cathedral and danced playfully on the beautiful stained-glass windows. Passersby became fewer as night began to cast its black pall over a city of the dead.

When the few terror-stricken inhabitants had suddenly disappeared from the scene, three young men emerged from the shadows to the left of the cathedral. Their uniforms indicated that they were soldiers of the revolutionary army; their whole mein indicated that they were bent on some important errand. As the trio progressed toward the cathedral entrance they chatted amicably.

"Here we are," said one, evidently an officer, a middle-aged man with a martial air.

The other two nodded assent, but the first speaker evidently had something on his mind which he wished to conceal. After a few moments of silence, he said half jokingly and half meditatively:

"I remember when I used to go there with my mother when I was a kid." And he added as afterthought trying to adopt an air of indifference, "She's prob'ly dead now."

"Aw, snap out of it, Pedro. This is a hell of a time to get that way. What's comin' over you anyway?" said one of his comrades, a short, wiry dark-complexioned revolutionary.

"Sure 'ting, Zep," agreed the other, a tall, overpowering man of the prize-fighter variety. "What's 'da madder wid ya?"

Evidently Pedro was not to be so easily persuaded.

"But—," he stammered.

"But what?" demanded Zep, "I don't see what's gettin' into you. Why, we've done this job before. And you always got a d— big kick out of it. All we gotta do is get whatever's valuable and run, and while we're runnin' accident'ly drop a match someplace. Tomorrow there won't be a d— church left in the country. Wait'll I tell the boss about this. Guess you know where you'll end. Just like all traitors. Zip, and they ain't no more."

"Yeh," returned Pedro, "I guess I must be goin' batty."

"Sure 'ting," from his other companion, "'Der ain't no sense in actin' that way about it."

By this time they had reached the walk leading up to the cathedral

entrance and Pedro had perceptibly gained courage. As they progressed however, a million emotions were striving for mastery in his mind. Through his brain was coursing the whole history of his life. One of his earliest recollections was of how he used to stand behind his mother in church hardly able to peep over the top of the pew, wondering what was going on. And when he was a little older he became an altar-boy. How proud he was then! Again the thought of his mother came back to him. It was she who used to call to him so that he would get up on time to serve mass. Where was she now? Probably in eternity. God rest her soul.

He caught himself almost thinking aloud. If his companions were to have even the slightest hint that he was calling upon that God whom they were trying to destroy, what would they do?

Now the party stood before the entrance about to enter. Pedro's mind was more disturbed than ever. He now tried desperately to suppress those forces within him which seemed so suddenly to rebel at the dastardly act which he was about to perpetrate. Oh, but he had done the same thing many times before without even the slightest feeling of remorse. What could he do now? To turn back would be treason and as his comrade had observed that would cost him his life; to continue seemed suddenly to be contrary to his better judgment and sense of propriety. But it was time for action. They were about to enter and still this one thought haunted him.

"You fellows stay out here for awhile. 'I'm goin' in to see if the coast is clear."

And not waiting for a reply he disappeared through the massive bronze door.

Standing just inside, beside the fantastically carved holy water font, he tried again to collect himself for carrying out his duty. The sanctuary lamp dimly illuminated the sanctuary and cast weird shadows throughout the cathedral.

Looking around, he absent-mindedly surveyed the situation. Suddenly he gave a start as if some horrible apparition had presented itself to his eyes. Was that someone kneeling before one of the altars. His mother, he recollected, used to kneel there a long time when he used to come with her to the church. How he used to wish that she wouldn't take so long with her devotions. Dear mother! But still he had not definitely defined the contour of that figure. Yes, it must be someone there.

The thought returned with renewed vigor, "Mother!" What if she were to see him now. The thought was too much. Oh, if he could only rid himself of it. What could he do? He must face his companions sooner or later.

Slowly he turned to leave, and pushing open the great bronze door, took holy water from the font beside the door and made the sign of the cross.

III

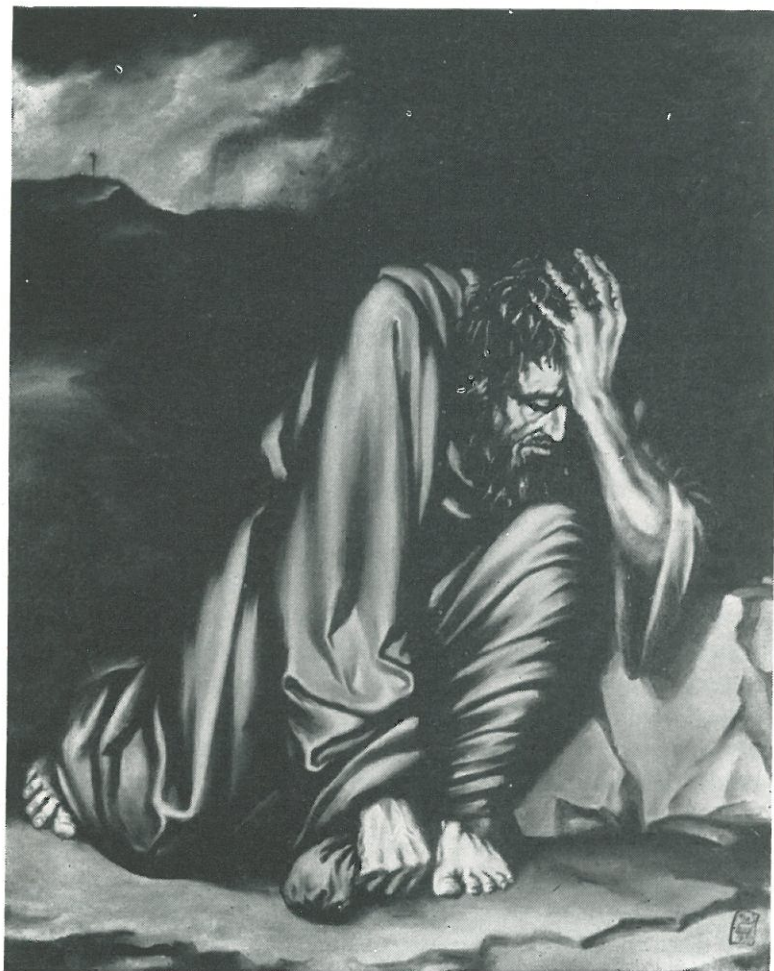
The morning sun rose on a scene even more desolate than the first. The cathedral, instead of being the center of the picture, was now harmoniously blended with its surroundings. Fire and enemy bombers had done their work well and the ancient structure was now a heap of debris.

Senora Armando never returned from her nocturnal vigil, but no one seemed to notice that. A young soldier met death before the firing squad out at the barracks, and there was no one to mourn his death.

And It Was Night

Painting by CHARLES J. PEITZ, JR.

Stark against a tawny sky stands the only Cross which means anything to humanity and to Judas. How the light of that hill can pierce the gloom of grief-laden clouds, no one can tell, least of all the Iscariot. Furthermore, the Apostle does not wish to see that peak for he has chosen the jangling heaviness of a bag held within his hand. This is the night of his soul—to have preferred the silver glint of some few coins to the Infinite Love of His Master. And so this night is filled with livid darkness and the weight of eternity. Because of that dark, his red garment jangles louder than the coin; because of that heaviness, his head is crushed down, down to the earth itself. Only he who has known the Light can feel this dark, only he who has tasted of the Day-spring of Love can know this horror of night — and yet, "Iscariot or I?"



Chemistry And Crime

JOHN PATTON

For your next quiz program: the answer to the question about forensic chemistry is in these pages. Partially, at least. The subject is vast and intricate, but Mr. Patton makes this complicated science commonly attractive. You may be sure of the real thing.

Towards the middle of the 19th century, natural science began to develop by leaps and bounds. As a consequence of this movement there came exactness and widespread knowledge to many other fields. As the clear, cold light of science clarified matters of knowledge, a change was also felt in the field of Criminal Investigation, or as it is more popularly known, Criminology. For centuries, justice had been attempting to search for truth and to solve problems; now it turned to science and such men as Bertillion, Gross, Suers, Mitchell, and many others. In turn these men laid down the foundations of modern police science by using the methods of natural and related science as aids in criminal detection.

The work in modern police science resolves itself into three phases: 1. The identification of living and dead persons; 2. The field work carried out by especially trained detectives at the scene of the crime; and 3. Methods used in the police laboratory to examine and analyze clues and traces discovered in the course of investigation. Perhaps of all the work in modern police science, the work carried out in connection with blood stains, is the most interesting and illustrates most strikingly the use of natural science by criminology.

Actually, in work with blood, only the last two phases of police science are involved. This by no means simplifies the policeman's work. He is confronted with many varied and difficult problems. For example: Where are blood stains to be found? How is the search for blood to be made? How are the stains to be transported to the laboratory for analysis? Is the origin of the blood human or animal? From which part of the body does the blood originate? Does the blood come from a certain individual?

In carrying out the search for bloodstains, the detective must proceed very carefully. Even in daylight he must use a flashlight because the stains are hard to recognize against a dark background. Their usual color is reddish-brown. However, in many instances, they may be black, blue, green, or even greenish-white. This is caused by the dissolving of paints or dyes into the blood.

Also, blood is found where one least expects it, e.g., under the edge of the table where the criminal may have wiped his hands, under the

drawers of the table or cabinet where he searched for money, in the sink, or its watertrap, where he washed his hands. Blood may also be found on paper, toilets, wastepaper baskets, etc.

Even more important, is the search on the body of the suspect, under the edges of his fingernails, on the edges of his beard and hairline. In carrying out this search a magnifying glass is used and if a stain is found it is scraped onto white paper with a knife. Pockets and clothing are also searched. Even on clothing that has been washed, when examined under the ultra-violet lamp, blood stains will be revealed. Next, the detective examines towels, sheets, shirts, handkerchiefs, etc.

On floors, blood is often found between the cracks of the floor boards. If such is the case, several inches of wood below the stain should be removed to allow for blood that has soaked into the wood.

In all instances, before the stains are removed to the laboratory for examination, each article and stain must be described precisely as to position and relation to other articles. This may be carried out by sketching, or even better, by photography.

In transporting articles to the laboratory, all articles must be carefully packed. Smaller ones are packed in glass or a cardboard container, with cotton. Larger articles have their stains carefully covered with paper, which is thumbtacked or pinned to the article, then the entire article is rolled tightly.

If for some reason, an article cannot be transported to the laboratory, the stains are carefully scraped off onto white paper and then folded in the same manner a druggist packs powders. Certain authorities suggest that such stains be dissolved in physiological saline solution, and then this solution be absorbed in cotton or blotting paper and thus transported.

As a general rule, preferably, the whole object which carries the stain should be given to the expert. Following this rule, wallpaper should be torn down, pieces of wood cut away, and pieces of stucco removed. Blood that has been absorbed by earth should be dug up and packed in glass containers. In all instances, all the blood should be collected because the analyst may later desire to make a quantitative test.

Now we shall consider in order those questions which present themselves to the expert. In determining whether the stain is blood or another substance, two general methods are used. The first is a preliminary test, and the second, a confirmatory one, using spectroscopic and microscopic methods.

In regards to the Preliminary tests, these tests may be carried out by the policeman on the scene of the crime when the policeman deems this necessary; however, enough blood should be left for later analysis in the laboratory. These tests consist of the Benzidine Test, Guaiac Test, and the Leuco-Malachite Test. The object of these tests is to treat the

suspected stain with one of these reagents, and if a color, which is specific for each reagent, is obtained, blood is determined to be present.

In the Benzidine Test, which is sensitive for one part of blood in 311,000 parts of foreign matter, blotting paper soaked in water is carefully pressed against the stain, whereupon several drops of the reagent are put on the part of the blotting paper which was in contact with the stain. If blood is present a blue or green color is obtained.

In the Guaiac Test, which is only sensitive for one part of blood in 100,000 parts of foreign matter, the blotting paper gives a blue color in a few seconds if blood is present. However, in both of these tests a false conclusion may be obtained if certain other substances are present which will give an identical test.

By far the most sensitive and specific test is the Leuco- Malchite Test. In this test a piece of filter paper is placed as near the stain as possible and then with a knife, a piece of stain is scraped onto the paper. Then with the aid of a glass rod a drop of the reagent is placed on the powdered stain. If blood is present a green color will appear within ten seconds and then becomes greenish-blue within another minute. This test is extremely sensitive and for that reason all the implements used must be positively clean to prevent even an infinitesimal amount of blood, from a previous operation, from leading to a false conclusion.

This test is considered as an almost final test by all authorities. However, to check, three confirmatory tests are used. They are the Hematoporphyrin Test in which the stain is treated with sulfuric acid and then placed under the ultra-violet lamp. If blood is present a beautiful brick red luminescence appears. Another confirmatory test is that of Teichmann. In this test a thread of fabric or some stain suspected of containing blood is heated in glacial acetic acid. If blood is present the coffee-brown hemin crystals of blood are obtained. This is determined by microscopic study. In the Stryzowski Test the stain is treated with Stryzowski's reagent and then examined under the microspectroscope. If blood is present the spectrum of Hemochromogen is obtained.

Application of these tests are seen in "Hit and Run" cases where the car of a suspect contains no visible blood. A filtered paper soaked in with Leuco-Malachite reagent is pressed against a piece of blotting, soaked in distilled water, which has been placed against the surface of the suspected car. If the green color, specific for Leuco-Malachite, is obtained, you may be sure that there is blood on the surface of the car.

Now we come to the question of whether or not the blood is human. The method commonly used to determine this, is the precipitin reaction of Uhlenhuth. In this method some blood is dissolved in a saline solution and there left for several hours. Next, it is filtered so as to obtain a crystal clear liquid. Then a perfectly clean capillary tube is brought in contact with this crystal clear liquid and a column of one-fourth inch is drawn up

into it. Next, into the tube is drawn another quarter of an inch of human anti-sera. If the blood stain was due to human blood, a white ring will appear at the junction of the two liquids in from two to five minutes. By the end of twenty minutes, a white precipitate should be formed.

This human-anti-sera, which is used, had been prepared previously by the injection of sterile human blood, intravenously, into a rabbit over a period of weeks. Then the blood of the rabbit is withdrawn and its sera has the property of precipitating human blood.

Another question encountered, is from what part of the body does the blood originate? A murderer will often try to explain the presence of stains on his body and clothing by telling a tale about blood originating from a shaving cut, or from a nosebleed. In cases, where blood grouping does not give results, it is often important to verify such a tale. On the other hand, it is hard to believe that blood stains on the rear of the coat or under the apron can come from the nose.

Microscopic examination of blood may reveal the origin of the blood through foreign particle, e.g., blood from the nose may contain mucous or hairs. The presence of such elements may lead to a definite conclusion about the origin of the blood, but its absence does not prove that blood does not originate from the part of the body from which it is said to come.

Next we come to the problem of whether or not the blood comes from a certain individual. One can determine that blood *does not* originate, but not that *it does* originate, from a certain individual. It should be remembered, however, that negative proofs are just as valuable from the viewpoint of the investigator as positive proofs.

For this examination, the so-called, "Blood-Grouping" Test is used. Human blood of all races can be divided into definite groups because of the ability of the blood serum of one person to clump or agglutinate the red blood cells of certain other individuals. Landsteiner recognized this phenomenon, which is due to certain properties in the blood corpuscles and the serum of various bloods.

The results of these tests depend upon the expert, as the tests are extremely delicate and very complicated. As stated above, a positive conclusion can only be drawn if an extract of human blood serum will agglutinate the blood of a certain suspect. In this case, the stain cannot be possibly due to the suspect. However, if no agglutination occurs, nothing can be proved because there are millions of other persons belonging to this same type.

I have attempted to show how science aids criminology in one restricted phase. The work of science, however, is not restricted to this one phase. It is used by criminologists in tracing and identifying individuals in ballistics, robbery, murder, etc. Science's aid to the criminologist is incalculable.

All modern police forces are educating their policemen along lines

pertaining to science. All such forces maintain especially equipped laboratories with skilled technicians. Perhaps, the greatest of these laboratories is that maintained by the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington, D. C. Colleges and Universities are swinging in step with this movement. Many universities are offering special courses in Criminology and Forensic Chemistry, in which the student is trained in the special analytical problems met in criminology, with stress also laid on microscopy and photography. Medical schools are requiring courses in Forensic Medicine for all their students.

In conclusion, we have seen how science aids in the solution of crimes, but can it help to prevent these crimes? Perhaps it is doing this by showing "That Crime Does Not Pay."

Aroma Arbitration

STEVEN D. THEODOSIS

Our editor wishes to swap yarns with you. And if you can outdo this tale of a glorious Irishman, please let us have it in the earliest post.

Mat Doogan was known to everybody. His presence, after office hours, was ever seen in front of McGinty's combination tavern and stagecoach office, which was located opposite the courthouse, near the corner of King and Midland. He was the proud father of ten children, five boys and five girls, and nary a one of them lacked the father's freckles or the mother's red hair. They ranged from three to nineteen years of age, and seldom was the time when two or three of them were seen dragging him home to supper after he had become the aggressive defendant in an argument on whether or not the Irishman was a better scholar and gentleman than any two legged Englishman that ever walked this earth on all fours.

Mat was quite the man about town, especially since he had been appointed the county supervisor, ten years previous. He was indeed the dandy of the town. He was the ideal of cleanliness, both in clothes and in person. He was always seen wearing his high-crowned beaver, and men delighted in seeing how close they could come to getting Mat in a position where he would forgetably dash his pride and joy to the ground,—but none had ever triumphed.

He wore the triumphant trousers of his day that were cut long enough to be strapped under his sparkling jet black boots. The collar of his shirt, which rose almost to the sides of his mouth, and the front of the shirt, which was frilled and allowed to protrude through the waistcoat, gave evidence of fastidious toiletry. His education was sparce, a setback which he claimed was due to a third grade teacher in Ireland who had kicked him out of school just because he put peat between the sandwiches in her lunchbox. However, his advice was respected and often followed, and his opinion was often heard volumiously at the council meeting, which met whenever one of the councilmen's wives had, indeed, produced a deliciously tasty beer with her small, but trained hands.

This evening of July 4, 1820, Mat was again in front of McGinty's, and his eyes sparkled to a degree that made Mat the life of the group that had gathered around McGinty's bar, celebrating the glorious Day of Independence. It was approximately six-thirty in the evening and the people in the saloon had drifted outside to see the stagecoach, which was bringing some celebrated person to their beautiful little town of Leedale, Virginia. This strange person was to see Mr. DeLacey, the mayor, about buying the estate that had been vacated by the late Jacob Walker, the financier, who

had resided in their little town during his last days to live in peace and solitude.

Very little time had gone by, when a hush fell over the crowd as the occupants of the stagecoach stepped out, revealing among themselves the prospective buyer of the DeLacey estate.

In the meantime, Mat was settling an argument with Zirski, the barber, who was buying him a glass of ale. As they sipped the soothing contents of the glasses, they soberly refrained from further drink, as they suddenly scented the aroma of eau de Cologne coming through the open doorway. Eau de Cologne! Who could be this feminine exponent of society that treated her person with such extravagant fragrance? With surprising speed the two men rushed to the door. Although the barber had started first, Mat beat him to the outside, where he was astounded to see the wearer of the perfume clothed in pants—a man! Doogan's momentum had carried him near to this person than he realized and unthinkingly remarked to Zirski in an involuntarily loud voice: "Don't he smell?"

With lightning like speed, the gentleman turned to accost this partially inebriated scoundrel who dared insult him in the presence of the ladies and gentlemen who had overheard the remark. His bold and egotistic spirit was aroused at the sight of Mat, and then, with a cat-like gesture, he threw his immaculately clean white glove at Mat's feet as a challenge to a duel.

Mat looked at him credulously, and with simple tact picked the glove from the dusty walk and handed it back to the piqued dandy who had a smirk on his face that Mat couldn't understand. The dandy jerked the glove from Mat's hand and, with a snarl, told Mat to inform him of the place and time of the duel, — and, with that, walked away.

Duel? Place? Mat couldn't understand! Not a moment had passed when he heard the voice of McGinty saying, "Fool! Don't you know that to pick up a glove that has been thrown at your feet is a challenge to a duel, and that your way of acknowledging the challenge and accepting it, is by picking up the glove? Do you realize who he is?"

Doogan answered in the negative and then was informed by others, as McGinty walked away holding his head, that he was Monsieur Francois Chapelle, the famed and notorious French duellist.

With this statement Mat Doogan felt faint and cringed with fear and not a word did he say as he paced the walk in the midst of the people that had gathered about him. Then he sat down on a chair and avertingly heard the conversations buzzing about him, as people criticized his misdemeanor and praised his boldness. As he hesitatingly listened to the comments of how Monsieur Chapelle had been the cause of the death's of lawyers, noblemen, and businessmen alike, his hair stood on edge.

It wasn't long before his friends were imploring him to discard the accepted challenge in view of he being the father of ten children. He was implored to ask pardon of Chapelle in public and thus avert and spare

his family from unwanton woes. As Mat, intently but unwantingly, listened, he was told how Monsieur Chapelle was an expert with the rapier, sword, pistol, and even rifle. With this Mat Doogan sat stupified viewing himself on the field of honor with a lead ball lodging in his head or his body slashed to bits, and his wife working her knuckles to the bone to provide for their children.

And then, with unexpected abruptness and with a sudden burst of enthusiasm, known only in stories relating the adventures of King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table, he jumped to his feet, looked at the amazed crowd, and then with a bellowing ejaculation, that amazed even himself, he said, "I shall meet Monsieur Francois Chapelle on the field of honor tomorrow morning. Someone will please inform him that the time and place shall be five o'clock near the roads that cross by Spearfish Creek.

Tomorrow morning at five o'clock! Why Mat Doogan had hardly any time to select and practice the use of the weapon! As Mat walked away from the staring group, people looked after him in amazement. They had never seen Mat walk with such dignity; such a manly stride that reminded one of a young toreador about to have his first encounter with a fierce bull, or a brave general about to face the firing squad. His head was held high, higher than Mat had ever held it before, for certainly he was displaying his colors as he never did before. As he walked past friends they were surprised to see a new air about Mat, one which they couldn't understand, for no wonder, Mat was a new man. He was the talk of the town, as well as the fool of it, although he was respected for his boldness, his daring enterprise.

The gossip of the town that evening was about the duel, and only the duel. Mat was last seen being greeted by his wife with tears in her eyes. He entered the house with her and was never heard of again or seen that night. What would poor Mrs. Doogan do now, whose four eldest children were daughters? Who would support this large family that was about to be left fatherless by a father who put pride before duty? Aye, such foolhardiness, but Mat was an Irishman and his mind was as set as the Blarney stone.

At 4:30 the next morning his two self-appointed, spirited young seconds called on him, as the eastern sky sent scouts of light streaking over the old hills near the valley. No sooner had they knocked on the door, than Mrs. Doogan met them with swollen eyes, eyes that showed fear. Within the next room the seconds could see the family gathered about on their knees reciting the Rosary. The two seconds were informed that Mat did not sleep at home that night, but left and hadn't been heard of since midnight. What? Had Mat run out? Should they spread the news that Mat skipped the country, or should they withhold judgment and ride out to the appointed place of the duel for a check? They chose the latter, since they couldn't tolerate the thought of their principal committing such a cowardly act. Within the course of five minutes their

horses were galloping around the bend that brought the large elm tree near the crossroads in full view. As they came closer and their eyes penetrated the low mist that was slowly rising, their eyes exultantly met the sight of Mat sitting on an old barrel, whittling a stick. He was clothed in his finest paraphanelia, and he showed no surprise as he simultaneously saw Monsieur Chapelle and his seconds approaching from the opposite direction. Five minutes later, after Monsieur Chapelle and his seconds had dismounted and were heard cracking jokes on how they would drink a toast to Mat's widow, the judges and physician were also seen coming around the dusty, narrow bend, near Spearfish Creek.

The morning was cool and refreshing to all present, but anticipation ran high. It was one of those mornings when one appreciates the fact that he's alive, a living being surrounded by the beauties and mysteries of this Wonderful earth. The birds were seen hunting their morning breakfast, and the chattering red squirrel in the large elm above them reminded them when they were younger, how they strolled through the woods drinking all of its ecstasies from the titanic cup of nature. Soon all was forgotten, and was centered on this manly contest of honor, that was but a counter-part of a Roman gladiatorial contest.

Being a private affair, the public was excluded, although curious faces of boys and elderly people alike, could be seen peering from behind trees and bushes in safe distance of a possible stray shot, should pistols or rifles be used. Finally the judges called the parties together and Mat was asked to produce the weapons. Astonishing all, Mat informed them he hadn't any. Instead he stood up, stretched his legs, and pointed to the barrel which he had been sitting on and exclaimed, "That is the weapon!"

It was only too soon that all present realized Mat's plot, for above the barrel and on the side that had been concealed by Mat's legs red print was seen which read, "DANGER—HIGH EXPLOSIVES." Chapelle was then requested to take a seat on one side of the barrel, and Mat was requested to do the same on the opposite side. The duellists, having been seated, each several feet away from the barrel, were handed a burning candle and upon notification from the judges, each was to light his fuse respectively. Realizing the situation, Chapelle protested bitterly to the unfairness and dishonorableness of the duel, but to no avail, for the judges permitted the selection, since it was considered equally fair for both men and since it was the rightful choice of the challenged.

Having no alternative, both men hesitatingly and with quivering hands lit the ends of their fuses. As the fuses burned, the judges and seconds were seen scampering away with unusual speed, lest they, too, be blown to bits by these honorable maniacs. As they had crawled down a bank along the creek, they looked back to get a last good glimpse at their friend, Mat, who was seen burying his hands in his face.

Soon they saw Mat take his indispensable Rosary from his pocket and fall to his knees, seemingly praying and asking God to have mercy on his

soul. Monsieur Chapelle was sitting unusually straight, but not for long. Monsieur Chapelle was suddenly heard giving a blood-curdling yell, and then, with the agility that is but seldom seen by any, he mounted his horse, lashed it brutally, and was gone over the knoll and out of sight of all watching him with questioning eyes. As they turned to see Mat he was seen not on the barrel but on the ground. Mat was hysterically laughing, a laugh uncontrolled and unchecked.

Had Mat gone hysterical? Had he cracked down the last minute? Then Mat stood on his feet, walked over to the barrel and with tears still in his eyes, pulled out the fuses that were already extinguished. The people seeing that danger was over, all gathered about Mat praising him for his courage.

Then, as he finally calmed down, he looked at the questioning crowd with potential laughter again in his eyes, and exclaimed: "He is just as brave a man as I took him to be; this is nothing but a barrel of onions, with a few grains of powder on the head and some fancy printing on the side of it to try him by. Evidently he prefers eau de Cologne to the onion smell."

More Than A Hobby

EARL WEIS

This High School student, Mr. Weis, calls out above all riders of hobbies in praise of his own. And he is justly proud. He has joined the ranks of those who await the postman's call for something more than news and their tribe is far above the twelve thousand mark. Here he tells us why.

"Twice happy is the man who has a hobby," said the philosopher, "for he has two worlds to live in."

The Greeks had a word for it — in fact, they had a couple of words for it. One was *philos*, meaning friend; the other was *ateleia*, meaning exemption from taxes and having a connotation referring to any sort of taxes including tax stamps. Today, these two words have combined to give us *philately*. Philately? What's that?

Occasionally I have referred to philately in conversation. Friends wait with interested, cocked ears for an explanation of the term, having previously indicated by gestures or looks their incomprehension. When I tell them that it is merely the hobby of stamp collecting, they murmur a polite "oh," just as if they had expected philately to be the name of the last Holy Roman Emperor. Nodding their heads, they exchange knowing looks with one another, as much as to say that it isn't the first time they have happened onto one of these demented or obtuse loonies who get a queer delight out of pasting cast-off postage stamps, of all things, in little books. Being thus viewed, the tendency on my part, and so with many collectors, has been to back down — to apologize for the hobby. Now I'm through backing down. No longer will I compromise my *convictions* with the *notions* of others. In other words, to adjust the words of Newman a bit, let this be my "Apologia Pro Caballo Suo." Would you like to read it?

There are veritably hundreds of reasons that collectors give for their hobby of stamps. One of the most potent reasons is not that philately has an educational or social value, though these two are important and will be discussed later. The main and best reason is given by Prescott Holden Thorpe in his book, *Stamp Collecting, Why and How*. He says:

"You will meet people who tell you that they collect stamps because they are educative, because they are beautiful, because they are an investment; but the big reason why people collect stamps is *because they like to*."

It's wholesome for a man to do something just because he likes to, now-

adays. He rises by alarm clocks, he works between whistles — because he wants to? No, because he has to. Therefore, when he chooses a diversion, the one most enjoyed is one chosen simply because he likes to — without giving any reasons for his position.

A man needs a hobby like collecting stamps. There must be something to which he can turn for pleasant occupation when his work is done. In his stamps, the lawyer can forget a pending case, the business man, his ever fluctuating enterprise, the student his books; all can lose themselves and their troubles in the realms of their stamp world. Minds need such relaxation. A survey of insane asylums would no doubt prove that dementia, resulting from worry, in the majority of cases might easily have been averted by a hobby such as stamp collecting. This fact has been authenticated. If the relaxation can be constructive, besides diverting, it is all the better.

As a diversion, philately cannot be surpassed. The "king of hobbies" already has an imposing history. Though the first stamp, the Penny Black of Britain, was not issued until 1840, stamps were already attracting many collectors as early as 1850. By 1860-'62 a great wave of popular interest had swept over Europe and America; then the extensive literature of stamps began. Last year, the centennial of the first postage stamp, there were an estimated 3,000,000 philatelists in the United States alone! Sometime, when you're in the library, pass down the rows of Americana and Britannica, past volumes marked "Goethe to Haw," past "Meyer to Naval Mines," and stop at "Orley to Photoengraving." There, listed under Philately, read the remarkable growth of the burgeoning hobby of 1850.

An interesting discussion could be held even among stamp collectors themselves as to *why* they collect stamps. To be sure, it is agreed that they collect stamps because they like to. But, to probe the matter more deeply, why do they like to?

In the first place, postage stamps are beautiful to look at. Like every other evidence of our modern civilization, they too have improved with the years — from the first crude specimens, cut from sheets with a scissors and affixed with the aid of a glue pot, to the modern engraved and photoengraved, adhesive stamps. Commercially speaking, it pays a country to make its stamps beautiful and to depict on them the best the country has to offer, for they are little advertisements that travel to the ends of the earth on the mail. Is it strange that stamp collectors, tired of their workaday world, turn to the best that each country has to offer? Through the pages of the album, through the countries of the world!

New issues bring new wonders. The never-ending flow of stamps through the hands of the collector is a field of perennial adventure. He sails with Columbus, he rides the Pony Express, he witnesses the

signing of great documents, he lives a thousand lives. Fanciful? Perhaps, but relaxing and pleasant.

The attraction of philately cannot be explained so simply as all this. There is a certain fascination connected with the hobby, that is all but unfathomable. Perhaps it was this captivating quality that prompted people who lived in the early days when philately was known as timbrology to call stamp collectors "timbromaniacs." I don't know.

But regardless of the motives a collector may have in choosing this hobby — even if he has no motives at all that he can explain — the educational and social benefits would justify his choosing philately.

As regards the educational advantages, it must be said that the philatelic road is literally a road to a liberal education. "Philately is primarily an intellectual pursuit. It connotes geography, history, art, science, and stimulates research in many directions." It must not be presumed that collecting consists chiefly of pasting stamps in albums after the manner of the recently issued savings coupons.

In the first place, there must be considerable study of the stamp to find where it belongs before it is placed in the album. The collector must learn what country issued it, in what year it was issued, and for what purpose. From just these three facts (but there are many more) the philatelist knows, since most countries depict their rulers on their stamps, who was governing at the time of issue, what was the form of government; he knows of the language spoken there, the system of taxation, and a host of other useful facts.

In the new issues, the collector follows current history. He sometimes gets the truth from his stamps, if from no place else. For example, suppose newspapers are insisting that an attacked country is holding to its defense lines doggedly. At the same time the collector learns that the aggressor nation is issuing occupation stamps which are being used in the victim country. In such a case, the collector knows that the "dogged resistance" is propaganda poppycock.

The philatelist learns the location of every country; in the case of the latter, he knows by whom it is controlled. He knows the presidents of the United States in chronological order, from the simple fact that they are so arranged on the current series of stamps that we use on our daily mail — Washington on the one-cent, Adams on the two-cent, Jefferson on the three, etc. President Roosevelt, who is an ardent stamp collector, gained his first knowledge of history and geography from his stamps.

Few collectors merely accumulate stamps at random. Most of them take just a phase of philately and work on that. For instance, some collect stamps of a certain country, some collect stamps from a certain continent, some revenue, some airmail. There is another group, topical collectors, who seek to find stamps from all over the world on such special subjects as birds, animals of all sorts, poetry, music. The result is that

they are experts, not only on the *stamps* pertaining to the subject, but also on the *subject itself*. An interesting example of this is the collection of Monsignor F. Cech of LaCrosse, Wisconsin. Monsignor Cech won national fame with his "Philatelic Litany of the Saints," a magnificent pageant of stamps illustrating every ejaculation of the Greater Litany.

Mission stamp bureaus, anxious to make money to support priest-missionaries, cater to those collectors who specialize in certain countries or topics. They hold lists, secured from the collector himself, of the stamps he needs to complete his collection of special country or topic. Then they forward the needed stamps to the collector as they receive them from the thoughtful souls who think to tear them from their letters and help the missions. All the while, the collectors are learning from the information contained, not only on the stamps, but also from the study that information always stimulates.

That philatelists even *insist* upon a knowledge of the stamps and their backgrounds instead of mere accumulation, was demonstrated very clearly at the National Federation of Stamp Clubs convention at Fort Wayne last April. The most expensive frame of stamps on exhibition received no award. Yet, a frame that was worthless as far as monetary value was concerned, received first prize, simply because the collector had shown a knowledge of the stamps and the history behind them, whereas the owner of the most expensive frame had not. Recognizing the educational advantages of philately, at least one university has an endowed Chair of Philately.

Equally important is philately's social value. It brings men of all ages together. At the above mentioned convention, adults in their sixties enthusiastically discussed stamps with teen-age boys and girls. Father, collector talks over with sons, collector, a point of the hobby. The discussion phase of philately brings the two closer together. On our own campus, the philatelic group includes a professor or two, religious brothers, and both high school and college students. The Anthony Wayne Stamp Society in Fort Wayne, to give another example, includes ministers, teachers, bankers, manufacturers, students, and store clerks; all lose their professional flavor and are happy to be designated simply as philatelists, come meeting time. The hobby of stamp collecting democratically binds all together, young and old, rich and poor, in a manner that no other common interest can imitate. Indeed, the socializing and humanizing value of philately is as important, if not more important, than its educational and diversional advantages.

It cannot be denied that postage stamp collecting has frequently been visited with more or less ridicule. But, in spite of this, it has steadily held its devotees. Once aroused, the collector's interest seldom wanes. Maybe philatelists are timbromaniacs, even crazy—about stamps! Still they're happy, and isn't that something in this modern world?

Parties And The Good Old Days

JOHN FORD

This is highly gratifying to us who belong to those days. But even to all the young of heart and quick of step these pages will be a delightful insight of other times and other ways. Perhaps, too, there will be a secret sigh of nostalgia.

I have heard talk of the exciting times that my ancestors experienced in "the good old days," without wondering if the times were as exciting as the days were said to have been good.

Parties have always fascinated me, because I not only enjoy the gayety and emotional relaxation that they offer, but because they might also be considered a proving ground for one's personality and an excellent pinnacle from which to peer into the valley of human nature. So, being interested in them, I decided to discover how parties in the old days compared with those of today.

Determined that I could not find the answer in books — for they tend to exaggerate and fictionalize the most plain facts — I sought a member of the generation that attended these parties. My discoveries were most interesting and amusing — the amusement arising from the fact that I compared them with those I myself have attended.

House parties in those days were the paramount of genuine entertainment. Yet the preparation for such a social function was usually as entertaining and exciting as the affair itself. Of course, different classes had different affairs. But since the poor are really rich, and the rich are really poor, and each class forever seeks what the other has, I took as a medium that class that is a criterion as to the living standards of our country — the middle class.

A party was planned and announced a month in advance, and from the time that the invitations were extended until the festival itself, preparation was just as intense in the homes of the guests as that of the excited hostess. The young ladies were no different than the young men, in that they spent hours discussing the merits and slight faults that their appointed partner happened to have. Of course, the young men contacted their partners at least several times beforehand in order that a specified time might be ordained and not misunderstood.

Whereas, nowadays, the fairer sex are dubious as to what kind of a dress they will buy; then they worried as to whether or not they might, by a stroke of fate, evade the use of an altered dress of their mother or sister. The masculine members dared not demand the use of the family means of transportation and money to squander, but rather sought odd jobs that they might obtain enough to purchase a simple corsage. Ah yes,

things have changed, and are so readily excused by the lamentable fact that so have the times.

Meanwhile, the hostess was busy making fitting decorations, planning a simple menu for a buffet lunch, discussing the utility of this and that game for lending an air of friendliness and self-confidence to the merry-makers. Oh yes, and the essential guests at any party, the chaperones, had to be obtained.

When the long-awaited night arrived, a nervous young man would call at the home of his partner, precisely at the appointed hour. Upon being ushered into the parlor, to wait until the lady fair could make certain that her appearance was her best, he usually seated himself and endeavored to engage in conversation a father who was lost amid the evening newspaper. After he had squirmed nervously for a time the maiden would make her appearance and after being cautioned as to manners, she would blushing slip her delicate arm into that of her escort, who paid his respects to her parents. Then amid confusion, they would depart.

Arrival at the party meant introductions, first of all to the hostess' parents, then to the chaperones, and finally to any guests that might not have met. Then each couple would fade into the circle of youths discussing the lighter subjects. At intervals, laughter followed by a roar would emit from the group. I am told that this laughter was the most memorable part of those gay parties; for it was genuine laughter, brought about by an opening of the lips of a pure heart, and not a forced laughter aggravated by embarrassment.

After all the guests had arrived and a few games had been played, the remainder and major part of the evening was spent in dancing, square dancing, to the accompaniment of a hand-wound phonograph or a three-piece string band. Those in the group that had any talent, whatsoever, had ample opportunity to demonstrate it to an appreciative audience. Finally the refreshments were served. After several more dances it was nearly time to depart. But before all was finished, the young men would highlight the party by serenading their giggling partners. Then, after the hostess had been thanked and her parents felicitated, the couples would leave for home.

It was, I might say, a rule that each young lady had to be home by midnight. In fact, it was more than a rule, for rules are often broken; it was, shall we say, a certainty that she would be home by twelve.

And so did the parties that had been planned so long, end, with the hostess more popular, and the guests with lighter hearts.

Ah, but the party didn't end here. In fact, the most joyous part was yet to come. It was discussed for weeks and months, even years. And if so-in-so happened to meet so-in-so there it was remembered throughout a lifetime. It was lived and relived again and again as a milestone in life.

EDITORIAL

Prejudice

STEVEN D. THEODOSIS

Today, when power means truth in many turbulent countries, the essence of truth is submerged and forgotten in misapprehensions and errors. Although the "big stick" method may be the influence of many fallacies, there are innumerable other fallacies that exist because of ignorance, selfishness, biased observations, and hasty generalizations. Of all the falsehoods that exist in the world, the worst of them all is prejudice, the greatest ravager of truth.

Prejudice means pre-judgment, based subjectively on blind emotions, and feelings, and objectively on falsehoods. Prejudice is based on misinformation, both subjectively and objectively. It is a mental decision based on other grounds than reason or justice.

Of all prejudices, religious prejudice is perhaps the most harmful of prejudgments. It not only keeps its victim from making a candid examination of the claims of truth put forward by a religious organization, but it frustrates a just estimate of the character and conduct of the adherents of that organization. It is the cause of the blind fury of hate that exists in atheistic and agnostic schisms of the Church. It has been my experience to find such prejudice exemplified in the Greek Orthodox Church. Their fervent adversion of the Catholic Church is the claim that we worship our Holy Father, the Pope, as Christ Himself, and not that we uphold him as the vicar of Christ on earth. Yet, they will pay the head of their church, the Patriarch, the same esteem, obedience, respect, and tribute. I have been subjectively condemned by these people, for worshiping a statue—idolatry. Some cannot conceive a statue as a representation, yet they pay the same due respect to pictures representing the same saint, or person—an idiosyncrasy most certainly found in prejudice derived from ignorance.

Much like religious prejudice is racial dislike and national prejudice which have such a hold on millions of people that comparatively few of them succeed in casting off the shackles. Superiority on one side and inferiority on the other side are the blind assumptions of these prejudices. It is a tendency of most people in a given nation to think their nation more superior in economics, industry, etc., than any other nation in the world, even though statistics may give evidence of the converse. In case of misunderstanding and dispute, the right is on "our side" as a matter of course, and the wrong, on the other side. The gratuitous attribution of reprehensible traits, sinister motives, and blameworthy

action, to the man who is not of our race and nationality, is one of the regrettable consequences of this type of blind aversion. National prejudice is slowly decreasing, although thirty or forty years ago there was a deplorable amount of race prejudice. It is the silliest, blindest, saddest degradation of the human mind. Ninety-five percent of racial prejudice may be attributed to differences found in speech, while five percent is common human nature and racial difference, whipped up by the newspapers. It has been demonstrated by anthropologists, that the race concept "corresponds to nothing real, and is a very poor and meaningless fiction, and it has been urged that the term be altogether dropped from the scientific vocabulary of the anthropologist."

Only too often do likes and dislikes seriously enter into an unanalyzed argument of prejudice. Unreasoned sympathies and antipathies as well as mischievous factors or erroneous and uncharitable judgment, too, are the foundation of personal prejudice. An only too well known example of this was the sentence of death that was passed on Socrates, the Greek philosopher, by an ignorant, credulous, and prejudiced jury.

Today, hardly can one enter into a conversation without confronting party spirit, a prejudice which is a blind devotion to a political organization, to an institution, fraternity or to any cause or movement which brings about lopsided judgments. It can be seen in both major political parties in the United States, as well as in minor similar organizations, which all too readily revert to smearing their adversary with whom they are not allied. Our last national election was most certainly a good example of emotional surrender which misled victims to magnify beyond desert what they had espoused, to turn shortcomings into virtues, and to indulge in harsh and unjustified criticisms. The sad part of it all is, that people, on both sides, took these shameful, disparaging fallacious arguments, these hymnal despicable flippancies as sound arguments and intelligent propositions.

Age prejudice is also found to exist considerably today. Tastes and fashions of our day are indiscriminately made laudable by its adherents. We assume superiority of what the present has to offer and we are inclined to misjudge and even to underestimate the men, thoughts, institutions, and achievements of a bygone age, a prejudice most unfair, and certainly not praiseworthy.

Although education has done much to dwarf prejudices of all kinds, its short reaching hand has failed to spread its teachings to all the simple and forlorn people that are instruments at the hands of vice kings, and power-mad dictators. Prejudice exists against science, religion, customs, and morals, and shall exist as long as man exists, for human nature itself is its mainstay. Man only too readily resists new ways of thinking and new ways of life and hence, he finds consolation, yet not freedom, in prejudice. When confronted with unconventional achievements, he seeks the way of least resistance rather than setting aside his pride and

vanities, passions and emotions, to seek a path to a more intelligent life. All that need be done to counteract prejudice, would be to get people to think clear, and justly. This very act itself, however, will lend more prejudices, prejudices that are prejudices because man is man. Perhaps time will be the cure of such an evil, but time is future and prejudice is present.

Book Reviews

ALBERT HURLEY

The Hill Is Mine, by Maurice Walsh, New York; Frederick A. Stokes Co., 1941, 355 pp.

Here is a delightful romance of life in the Scottish highlands of today, clean and fresh as a wisp of heather. In "*The Hill Is Mine*" Mr. Walsh once again displays his mastery in portraying scenes which we have all imagined, but have never been able to express. His plot is simple; that of a young American, visiting in Scotland, who settles ancient feuds and falls in love with a number of young ladies, but the author has treated his subject so whimsically, that the weakness of the plot is turned to his advantage. To but open the cover of this book, is to find oneself transported to a wonderful land, where anything can and does happen. The Croft o' Belmerion, at the mouth of Glen Shinnoch, is inhabited by a most interesting assortment of people. For instance, there is old Ruary Farquhar, the poacher extraordinary, who never has been able to resist an opportunity to catch one of the laird's excellent salmon. And there is the laird MacFindlay himself, a strange man, living in a dream world of his own with his daughter, the proud, dark-eyed Marion. Steven Wayne, the American, is exactly what a Scot would imagine an American to be. Fun-loving, Kenny Alpin and red-haired Sheevaun Power are two simple children of nature, and nothing more.

With a number of characters, such as these, the dialogue and action flow smoothly along; interrupted only occasionally when the Scottish burr becomes a little too thick. The author carries on swiftly from rough-and-tumble fights and poaching incidents, to tender love scenes, and scarcely gives one time to draw a breath before rushing on.

While "*The Hill Is Mine*" is not a great novel, and while it is not to be compared with Mr. Walsh's best story, "*The Dark Rose*," it nevertheless makes pleasant reading, and is highly recommended for those rainy afternoons. It tastes best with a good briar.

This Is My Own, by Rockwell Kent, New York; Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1940, 393 pp.

KENNETH L. MARLIN

Most autobiography, is of little real worth when the verbage has been sufficiently cleared away and the soul of the self-embellished hero stands naked before you, stripped of all its acquired or assumed sophistication and cringing and shivering fearfully at the revelation of its true weak-

ness and insignificance. Most autobiographies are like that — mere unveilings of the whimsicalities of their authors. But not Rockwell Kent's "*This Is My Own*." For his is a character that you simply cannot subtract into weakness or insignificance. Instead, you find the culmination of all those attributes that have gone to make up the conception and idealization of Americanhood. There is no infirmity, or lack of spunk, or backbone in Rockwell Kent; there is spontaneity, grit, confidence, fortitude, and above all, the firm conviction that the American way of life can be made to work, and should be struggled for with the last gasping breath. And his "*This Is My Own*" is more a statement of these ideals than the calvacade of a life that so often comprises the autobiography of one who approached, or thought he approached sufficient distinction to warrant the addition of yet, another life-chronicle to the infinite number already yellowing, and decaying, and resting in peace in the bulging stacks of the libraries of the world. Indubitably "*This Is My Own*" will suffer a similar fate; and how unfortunate for America, because this autobiography is a revival of the rich idealism that once surged through the blood of those pioneers, who made America possible and actual.

That Rockwell Kent is an artist, one discovers in the very first paragraph of the book. He doesn't come out and shout it to you in so many words. But you are convinced that none, but an artist, could have such a brilliant insight into the color and proportion of things. After fifty pages, you are ready to agree, completely, that Rockwell Kent is the only true American artist among his contemporaries "because he is an American in birth, in training, in point of view, in execution, and in his success," as someone said. You understand perfectly his yearning for a home that is fit for human beings, one that has been built *around* human beings. You revel with Kent and Frances, his wife, as hand in hand they stand at last gazing with rapture at the jutting, purple Adirondacks that hem in and seemingly overwhelm the tiny point of earth on which they have come to build their home, where they will live gloriously ever after — growing plants, raising animals, rearing children, painting, writing, and loving. And the building and humanizing of that home, is a task that Kent allows everyone to help with. You are utterly taken away with the project. How enthusiastic you get! It is as though you yourself were going to live there — and you are! Because that home is yours: it is America, a representation of everything that America is and stands for, a summary of all the thoughts of all the people who want merely to live as human beings in peace and liberty and quietude, of those who are genuinely American in spirit and culture and character.

But unfortunately, the being of an American requires more, much more than the mere desire. It takes courage, fight, sacrifice. Rockwell Kent has these in abundance; he fairly pulsates with crusade; and his typically American outspokenness and informality is sometimes shock-

ing. When he feels like saying "hell" or "damn," he says them. No subtlety or "beating around the bush," as the American saying goes. He takes full advantage of his constitutional freedom, and uses that freedom to preserve freedom. His passion for humanity is as "catching" as it is explosive. You are caught up in his wave of idealism; you rejoice with him in his triumph over the forces seeking to destroy his American privileges; you brood with him over the gullibility of Americans who allow themselves to be shackled by the yokes that their Constitution and their Declaration of Independence permits them to throw off; you are somehow obsessed with a deep feeling of sympathy for humanity and its irrational docility; you are possessed with the desire to take up a club, or a pen, or whatever you are able to wield with the most devastation, and somehow to set things right, once and for all.

Rockwell Kent's verbal expression of his ideas and ideals is not all that is valuable in the book. There are pictures. And in many respects, these are best of all. For his pictorial utterances are even more eloquent than his writing. They portray more accurately the vast melting pot of America; more truly, they exhibit the commonness and roughness and downright ugliness of the stuff of which America is made. The assortment includes tired, haggard, faded New England women surrounded by their equally tired, boney, shabby-looking children with their thin hands clutching the scant security of conspicuously plain and untidy skirts; curious old men who are little more than sharp eyes set in racks of bone and weazened skin; crisp, severe pen-and-ink sketches of men building, men farming, people, some living absurdly, disgustingly, inelegantly, some living brilliantly, picturesquely, glamorously — and all with the rich background of wilderness and mountains that Rockwell Kent loves so passionately and reverently. And with great tolerance and understanding he is willing and delighted to accept them as his own, his friends, his neighbors, his countrymen. That is the man Rockwell Kent that you discover in "*This Is My Own*" — a man overflowing with enthusiasm and exuberance for life, captivated with the mystery and unpredictability of man, religious in his optimism that America and humanity will somehow struggle through the darkness that today envelopes the world into the brightness and happiness of an enlightened, humanized, socialistic world.

Democracy's Second Chance, by George Boyle; Sheed and Ward, New York, 1941, 174 pp.

JOSEPH PAX

America is proud of her big cities. Many a country lad looks with longing eyes toward their alluring attractions. In recent years America has experienced a mass emigration of the rural population to these mag-

netic centralizing forces of our civilization — a fact which is quite apparent from statistics gathered in all parts of North America.

George Boyle, author of "*Democracy's Second Chance*," sees this movement as the greatest single force which is at present contributing to the overthrow of our democracy. Much has been said and written about the preservation of the old ideals of democracy which are gradually losing ground in this country, as well as in other countries. Wars have been fought to "make the world safe for democracy." But all attempts have failed simply because they have not penetrated to the root of the problem.

Mr. Boyle, a keen student of economics and sociology, has considered the problem and found the cause for the present decadence to be mainly economic and sociological. The decrease of rural population has vitally changed the American way of life. He finds, further, that the "flight from the land" has been brought about by the lack of an appreciated rural culture. This was in turn engendered by the influence of the Industrial Revolution which emphasized the superiority of machinery and brought about a definite urban culture — a culture which was so attractive as to draw the vast agrarian population to itself.

The author is no mere theorist. He devotes at least half of his work to some practical suggestions for solving the problem of building up a definite rural culture — a culture which would be attractive enough to regain the lost agrarian population. He knows from experience that such a task is of Herculean proportions; and he does not deny it. However, he does cite examples of particular localities where these plans have been successfully employed to the advantage of both rural and urban districts.

This book deals with a subject that is of prime importance today; the author has a penetrating insight into the problem; his style is clear and not over-technical or involved. The result — a thoroughly practical book of interest to every American.

Survival Till Seventeen, by Leonard Feeney, S.J., New York; Sheed and Ward, 1941, 141 pp.

ROBERT CAUSLAND

Father Leonard Feeney, S.J., in his partial autobiography, has laid the facts concerning his childhood from birth up to the time he entered the Jesuit order. Different from the majority of other autobiographies, this narration is not a listing of dull facts, but it is the humorously, beautiful tale of what anyone of us might have done between the ages of one and seventeen.

This tale of childhood is put forth in the most simple and best that the English language has to offer, still, on the other hand, his is not a superficial treatment of childhood, but one wrought deep in the blazing

forges of thought and imagery. Beauty, which is the ultimate form of all things good; poetry, which is the imaginative expression of beauty; and mysticism, which is a study of beauty through philosophy are all cleverly woven into the simple tale of this great author's childhood.

Father Feeney's ability to describe, characterize and think, coupled with his own humorous style of writing, is expressed in this much too short narration. Another most delightful feature in *Survival Till Seventeen* is the verses, scattered here and there like colorful flowers in a rock garden, used to emphasize or illustrate a particular point. For example, while speaking of love in silhouette, he composed the following verse:

"The sun begets the shadow,
The moon the silhouette;
The noon is for Narissus,
The night for Juliet.

"The image in the water,
The idol in the sky,
Are opposites that alter
The angle of the eye.

"The love behind the window,
The truth within the wave,
Will keep the heart unhappy
And make the head behave.

"The bridge is set for vanity,
The balcony for pride:—
Beneath a man his body
And above a man his bride."

An interesting fact, which could never be excluded from this type of review, is the intimacy with which Father Feeney expresses himself. Before I had read many minutes, the book became a sparkling conversation between myself and a brilliant story teller — Father Leonard Feeney, S.J.

Exchanges

FRANCIS L. KINNEY

The Summer issue of MEASURE brings to an end a year of pleasant exchange work. In retrospect, I find that it has been a year of uniqueness and perhaps even of fantasies as far as this department itself is concerned. However, despite the fact that we have keenly observed the consistency with which our exchanges from the various colleges treat of the magazines they receive, MEASURE was insistent upon a variety of methods. The Autumn issue was developed in the form of letters to the editor in which some college literary publication was thoroughly criticized by men of St. Joseph's campus. Winter found a summary of the subjects treated in our exchanges. With the Spring edition we even dared to print the criticisms of MEASURE received from other editors. Continuing the diversified manner, I have again chosen to give a general survey of the magazines, but this time with the object of discovering the "battle cry," as it were, of each one. By its very nature such a method is not critical, although I have taken the liberty of calling attention to some extremely glaring discrepancies according to the qualities expected of a college publication.

A casual glance at the table of contents in the *Marywood College Bay Leaf* published by Marywood College, Scranton, Penn., is enough to discern that the Marywood Bay Leaf is essentially local in its scope. Closer discrimination reveals it more akin to the average college newspaper than to our standard of a literary piece. Of course, essays, poetry, and reviews are also included but local news predominates. Similarly, does the *Trinity College Record* of Trinity College, Washington, D. C., reflect its locale. Herein, we evidence sparkling essays, short stories, and poems, plus one play entitled "Soldiers of France." The spirit running throughout is that of intense nationalism affected, no doubt, by Trinity's proximity to Washington, D. C. In quite another direction of accentuation is the *Manhattan College Quarterly* from Manhattan College, New York, N. Y. Scholarly critical estimates, philosophical verse, and stories rich in pathos speak of arm-chair philosophers and profound scholarship among the contributors. In metropolitan atmosphere, such as theirs, we must congratulate their clearness of thought and beauty of expression. Incidentally, the latter is a men's college while the two previous were girls' colleges.

The religious glow of the *Rosary College Eagle* of Rosary College, River Forest, Ill., excites one with a new appreciation of his faith and glorious heritage. More specifically, I will point out Rosary's devotion to liturgy and holy scriptures. This I gathered from the rather extensive bibliography listed as aids in the study of liturgy. Not one article appears to break the spiritual, ethereal atmosphere. In direct contrast is a

magazine with essays entitled, "Five O'clock Whistle and Five-thirty Bus," "A Rainy Night," and "Policies of Bismarck and Hitler." Such rampant diversity is in *Nibs* from St. Edward's University, Austin, Texas. Judging from the material of this recent Winter issue and past issues, informality seems to be their keynote and literary aspiration. Every nib at *Nibs* evokes a smile.

After reviewing *Nibs*, the graceful delicacy of the *Labarum* from Clarke College, Dubuque, Iowa, seems somewhat fastidious and austere. Each contributor seems to have polished and chiseled until at length fragility had forbidden further handling. The appreciation of these qualities does not cover over the fact that too often mere high sounding language is used in a superior manner, but its essence is nil. If it is the *Labarum's* purpose to preserve the best literary works of the college, I hope that the cogency of my observations will cause the writers to look to themselves.

It is difficult to be entirely objective when attempting to be judicious of the *Mundelein Review* from Mundelein College, Chicago, Ill. Seemingly the exponent of art for art's sake, it is not at all difficult to note the sound, vigorous Catholicity which rings confidently, establishing a note of freedom and independence. *Chimes* of Cathedral College, New York, N. Y., has a message for everyone in that it is a magazine with current topics as its feature. Three views on the American situation as regards the European conflict are presented in "Interventionist," "Isolationist," and "Middle-of-the-Roader."

The College of New Rochelle, New York in its *Quarterly* defies a placement under any one category. Although we cannot miss the devotion and stress on critical treatises and subjects pertinent to past and contemporary literary figures, it will not be just to deny the variety and sparkle in such articles as the "Open Letter to Ernest Hemingway." More in keeping with the contents, we may honestly say that the *Quarterly* fosters first and last an interest in literature of the past with an equal stress on contemporaneous writings and writers. For example, the March edition features an article on the popular Maurice Evans and his co-worker, Mr. Shakespeare, called "Two Rarer Spirits." An analysis of the play side of the theatre is offered in a comparison of the interpretations of Marlowe and of Goethe of the medieval Faust legend.

I am at once reluctant and eager to classify the strikingly simple magazine, called the *Albertinum*, from the Albertus Magnus College, New Haven, Conn. This piece of literature has come to my attention not infrequently because of its singular material and make-up. The Spring issue lives up to expectations and also is harmonious with the line of thought characteristic of the *Albertinum*, namely, Catholic Action. The sentiments so nobly expressed in the editorial do not go astray but are mingled with the substance of the whole. This recent edition is devoted almost entirely to the Catholic philosophy of art, particularly in an

essay entitled, "Brush and Chisel." Such essays are not only examples of good literature but are also invaluable as educational guides and stimuli. Doubtless, many students were not aware of philosophy's relation to the arts and this essay has opened a new vista of enjoyment, not to mention the educational value.

Many other splendid examples of the typical college magazine are in the files of this department which either do not stress a particular point or duplicate those which I have already analysed. I trust that they realize the difficulty involved if I were to attempt an analysis of each and will believe me when I say that every one was given equal discrimination. It has been a pleasure to read them all and I regret that the attention they deserve is not forthcoming. That would, however, require the publication of a larger magazine than any we have received, devoted only to exchanges.

This school year is almost at an end but it marks the beginning of a new era as far as MEASURE's Exchange Department is concerned. The real and active assistance given to us by other colleges, in the form of constructive criticism, is something unprecedented in our exchange history. New records, too, have been established both in the quantity and quality of publications that have come to our files. To discover the source of this new success lies in the degree of coöperation which other colleges have seen fit to bestow. Can it be, then, that MEASURE has struck a responsive chord in the hearts of conscientious editors?

With a lessening of the barriers formerly existing, MEASURE can point to a definite result of this department's work. Until next Fall, then, when this department plans even more expansion, we shall let our exchanges accumulate and rest. In parting I wish to publicly thank in the name of the staff of MEASURE, the staff members of the *Tower* of St. Mary's of the Springs College, Columbus, Ohio, *The Xavier Athenaeum* from Xavier University, Cincinnati, Ohio, *Chimes* of Cathedral College, New York City and *Holy Cross Purple* of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Massachusetts, for their active support and participation in MEASURE's cooperative schemes.